

Your Honor,

I am Debra K. House. I am the mother of Steven H. Popple Jr. I was born in St. Clair, Missouri. But, I was raised in Beloit, Wisconsin. My father met my mother when he was stationed at Fort Leonard Wood. He served 11 years. Then moved us to Wisconsin after being honorably discharged. I was a substitute bible school teacher at St. Johns Lutheran Church. My daughters attended school there. I was a Brownie leader and Girl Scout leader. I am not the best Christian , but, I am not the worst.

I was married to Steven H. Popple Sr. for 21 years. I divorced him in 1994. I was told he took a flight to Arizona. Before he left he had been stalking me. He had several D.W.I.'s and most likely left to avoid jail time.

Steven Sr. was an abusive alcoholic. I lost a child in 1981. During that pregnancy, he shoved me into the corner of an entry way and almost broke my nose. I had some false labor, a couple times. As, I look back now, I'm sure stress caused the false labors. The doctor stated that if I didn't have him by Friday he would induce labor. My son Scott S. Popple was born by induced labor 6 weeks premature. He lived 21 hours.

Steven Sr. came home after bar time a lot. I would ask him where, what, why? Of coarse, leading to a fight. Our daughters would hide in the closet. I wish I had left him before getting pregnant again. He was constantly gone.

I moved back to Missouri after my divorce because, I thought Steven Sr. would come back and stalk me.

My son, Steven H. Popple Jr. was a skinny quiet little guy. Around the age of 3, Steven came down with Scarlet fever. He had a high temperature. Both his hands and feet peeled.

He began kindergarten and I never thought he would have issues. He was always quiet. But, his teacher said he wouldn't

listen or follow directions. She said he had ADHD. I had a hard time believing that. Because at home he did not show signs of hyperactivity. But, he was taken to Dr. Fossum and she placed him on Ritalin.

I found that the Ritalin made him lethargic. All ready a skinny kid. I began worrying about his appetite. Bedtime, he was always ready. He was not productive in school.

Finally, in second grade a teacher named Mrs. Bucholz showed some true compassion and concern for him. Her husband even made a 3 piece screen to set on his desk. This helped to block out noise and distraction. We found out that he was an auditory learner. Hearing his lessons, he could comprehend and retain more.

Around fourth grade or so, Steven met with a psychiatrist. I took him because, I wanted to make sure we were doing things in his best interest. That visit was with Lutheran Social Services in Beloit. I was told that Steven would always be five to ten years younger than his age in the area of maturity.

He was still some what lethargic, and with many adjustments. I decided to see another doctor. I took him to one in Rockford, Illinois. This doctor prescribed Cylert. Later, Cylert was taken off the market due to increased risk of liver damage.

Having moved to Missouri, I spent a lot of time helping Steven with his homework every night. Individualized Education Programs were put in place. But, I still feel very strongly that every grade he attended, no teacher truly wanted to help him succeed. Except, Mrs. Bucholz. Which is why I can remember her name.

At home, Steven was a normal kid he played quietly with his toys. He enjoyed outside, going fishing, and going to the many different parks here.

I taught him right and wrong. Which brings to mind. I always told him, "if you tell the truth, your punishment won't be as bad. You will still get a punishment. "

God is faithful and fair. If we confess our sins, he will forgive our sins. He will forgive every wrong thing we have done. He will make us pure. John 1:9

I can't honestly remember Steven causing any problems. Other than small normal ones. Like cleaning his bedroom, leaving soda can on end table. And of course his struggles learning.

At seventeen, Steven was told that his father had Hepatitis. He insisted that he was going to live with his dad. He feared that his dad was going to die. I explained that he dad wasn't going to die. We argued, but to no avail. He moved back to Wisconsin. His dad promised to make him finish school. But, he did not graduate.

"The Lord is close to the broken-hearted, he rescues those who are crushed in spirit" Psalm 34:18

After high school, and with no diploma he could not find a job. So, he moved back to Missouri with me. I helped him and set him up with mowing yards. He managed to get several clients. One was Mr. Riley. Mr. Riley lived on the corner of in Park Hills, Mo.

Steven mowed his yard for several years. He helped Mr. Riley do other odd jobs that Mr. Riley could no longer do. Mr. Riley enjoyed Stevens company and would invite him in for coffee. They would talk for hours. It really hurt Steven when Mr. Riley was moved into a nursing home and then passed.

Steven is good- hearted. I know he is slow. Not as normal as most men his age. I worried about him still mowing yards after he began to have seizures. He once left a pizza in the oven. Went up to his room, had a seizure. By the time he regained

his composure the kitchen was full of smoke. The pizza was burnt to a crisp. I bought a toaster oven with an automatic timer that shuts off.

He took Ritalin and Cylert for years. When he stopped taking them, I feel they caused him to start having seizures. His Neurologist, Tarig Jawaaid Alam, MD, of Festus, Missouri, said "we may never know."

Steven and a friend had gone over to the St. Joe's Museum. While there, they climbed a set of metal stairs. Steven had a seizure, fell, and gouged a large whole in his head. He showed me his head when I got home from work. He would not go to the hospital. I cleaned it and bandaged it. Then had another seizure.

I love my son. I pray every night for his safety. After 11 years as a Correction Officer I, I never could imagine my son becoming an offender. He has always been kind to people. People like him.

I think my son is a good person. He has never been arrested before. And has been in no trouble that I know of. He is kind and funny. And I miss seeing him.

The Lord replied, "I have forgiven them, as you asked."
Numbers 14:20

The time he has already served, I know he has had time to think and be remorseful. I hope the court can see the good in him, as I do. I pray the court will be lenient in his sentence. Given the chance of freedom again, I know he will not abuse it. "The merciful are blessed, for they will be shown mercy."
Thank you for taking the time to read my letter.

Sincerely,
Debra K. House